An Irish Romance of Love and Horseracing-

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

Violet Grimshaw was a Massachusetts girl, twenty-two years old, orced by family fortunes to leave her American home and seek a living in

but he had to be backed.

French had decided to win the City and Suburban. He wished sometimes now that he had made Punchestown the limit of his desires; but having come to a decision, this gentleman never went back on it. Besides, he would be a series of the series o

"He had rather a loud voice."
"That's him. He's my cousin, bad luck to him! No matter. I'll be even with him some day yet. He's the bigwith him some day yet. He's the big-gest black—I mean, we have never been friends; but that's always the way between relations. And that re-minds me. Welcoms you are to the house and all it belds, and make your-self at homel you and and Miss Grim-shaw! And here we are sitting in the old drawing-room that's only used for company once in a twelvementh. Come iown to the sitting-room, both of you.

There's a fire there.
"This isn't a bad bit of an old hall,
is it?" continued he as they passed is it?" continued he as they passed through the hall. "It's the oldest part of the house. Do you see that split in the panelling up there? That's where the panelling up there?

a bullet went in the duel between
Counsellor Kinsella and Colonel
White. 'Black White' was his nickmame, and well he deserved it. They fought here, for it was snowing so thick outside you couldn't see a man at ten paces. Eighteen hundred and one, that was, and they in their graves all these years! No, no one was killed. Only a tenant that had come in to see the fun, and he got in the line of fire. He recovered, I believe, though they say he carried the builet in his head to the end of his days. This is the sitting-room. It's the warmest room in winter. The old house is as full of holes as a colander, but you'll never get a draught here. but you'll never get a draught here. Norah!"-putting his head out of the

"Bring the decanters. You don't mind smoking, Miss Grimshaw? That's a good job. Are you fond of horses, Mr. Dashwood?"

That's a good job. Are you fond of boyne, and there's no one to know. The sea smooth enough to take the boyne, and there's no one to know.

"Rather."

"Well, there's the hoof of the Shaughraun. He carried everything before him in Ireland. He was my grandfather's, and he was entered Rocks. The sea is as smooth as a what's its olsoned him. It would be before your lime, and his death made more stir. Stick on your hat and come out with house one to know. The sea smooth enough to take the safraid when I'm with you?" asked for a row?"

He shouted the words into the ear of an old weather-beaten boatman. "But I said I wouldn't go!" said Miss Grimshaw.

"You didn't."

"You didn't." lime, and his death made more stir than the death of anything that ever with me."

"Silek on your hat and come out than the death of anything that ever with me."

"Well, say you will go now, and think, by the frying and the boiling, into the boat with you."

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"Well, say you will go now, and think, by the frying and the boiling, into the boat with you."

"Well, then, all the fun's spolled," ware cooking. But in summer it's as said Mr. Giveen, "and it's afoot you've been making of me. Sure, it's hundred."

"Sure, that was only my loke," dreds of girls I've taken out to see the whisky. Sure, that was only my loke," aboul, and why didn't you bring wine don't come to-day you'll never come of the young lady? Not drink wine! at all, for it's the end of the season, with a whispering sound which the gipen which has death made more stir it. Stlek on your hat and come out that comes of the hullabaloo that comes out of it in the big storms. You'd think, by the frying and the boiling, into the boat with you."

"Well, say you will go now, and the first say I would go."

"Well, say you will go now, and the hullabaloo that comes out of it in the big storms. You'd then, by the frying and the boiling, into the boat with you."

"Well, say you will go now, and the first say I would go."

"Well, say you will go now, and the hullabaloo that comes out of it in the big storms. You'd think, by the frying and the boiling, into the boat with you."

"Well, say you will go now, and the say I would go."

"Well, say you will go now, and the say I would go."

"Well, say you will go now, and the full and the full as a lidn't say I would go."

"Well, say you'll eart in didn't say I would go."

"Well, say you will go now, and the full as a lidn't say I would go."

"Well, say you will go now, and the say I would go."

"Well, say you will go now, and the full as a lidn't say I would go."

"Well, say You'll eart in the fay. The fray in the cast I didn't s

— Author of "DRUMS OF WAR," Big. — (Copyright, 1909, by Duffield & Oa.) CHAPTER I.

Thus, in course of time, she came to the old Irish country seat of Drum

Mr. Michael French, Effe's father, was a widower. He was also in septual financial hot water; hot water from which he (and his factotum, loriarty, and his jockey, Andy Meehan) fondly hoped his new colt, Garrywan, would some day rescue him. For Garryowen had speed.

To rackrent old Drumgoole came Violet. An Englishman named Bobby Dashwood, who was fishing at the nearby village of Cloyne, had helped to beguile the last part of her long journey thither. And Eifle and old Mrs. Driscoll, the Frenches' housekeeper, made her welcome at the end of it.

French that day had just returned from a visit to Dublin, and his first act on reaching home was to go to Garryowen's stable.

A lovely head was thrust out. It was Garryowen's. The eye so full of kindliness and fire, the mobile nostrils telling of delicate sensibilities and fine feeling, the nobility and intelligence that spoke in every line of that delicately cut head—these had to be seen to Mr. French. He was a friend, and was to pull the family fortunes out of the mire, to raise the family name, to crown his master with laurels.

Garryowen was French's last card, on which he was about to speculate his last penny. In simpler language, he was to run in the City and Suburban in the ensuing year and to win it.

The bother to Mr. French was that in the spring of next year he would have to find fifteen hundred pounds to satisfy the claims of a gentleman named Lowis, and how he was to do this and at the same time bear the expenses of getting the horse to England and running him was a question quite beyond solution at present.

Not only had the horse to be run, but he had to be backed.

French had decided to win the City

Had offered Well, well. Bay when,'
Mr. Dashwood."

"I like this room," said Miss Grimshaw, looking round at the books and the oak panelling. "It's so cozy, and yet so ghosty. Have you a ghost?"

"A which? I beg your pardon," said Mr. French, pausing round at the oak panelling. "It's so cozy, and yet so ghosty. Have you a ghost?"

"A which? I beg your pardon," and Mr. French, pausing in his operations with a coda-water siphon.

"T believe there's an old woman without a head walks in the top corridor by the servants' bedrooms. At least, that's the story; but it's all nonsense, though it does to frighten the girls with and get them to bed early."

The joy Mr. Dashwood managed to extract from that usually unjoyful thing called life hinted at alchemy rather than chemistry. Joy, too, without any by-products in the way of headaches or heartaches. Utterly irresponsible, but without a serious vice, always bright, clean and healthy and alert for any sort of sport as a terrier, he was as good to meet and have around one as a spring m

ing—that is to say, when one was in tune for him. He had five hundred (\$2,500) a year of his own, with prospects of great wealth on the death of an uncle, and the limit of his desires: but having wealth on the death of an uncle, and come to a decision, this gentleman even out of this poverty he managed to extract pleasure of a sort in the would never have so good a chance again of winning a big English race and a fortune at the same time, for Garryowen was a dark horse, if ever a horse was dark, and a flyer, if ever a creature without wings deserved the a creature without wings deserved the complete the money! We'll get it somehow," French would say, closhis staying, sent for his luggage to the bankbook and tearing up the

pleasant surprise. Sit down, sit down.

"I ought to say my name is Dashwed," put in the explainer.

"Bit down, it's down. I'm delighted to see you. Staying at the inn, are you' Is that chair easy? No, it's not-take this one. Look at it before you sit in it. Dan O'Conneil took his seat in that chair when he was here for the elections, in my grandfather's firm, and I have the bed upstairs he im, and I have the bed upstairs he im, and there is something about her I can't which Michael French, I slept in. Which Mic

mind him. He says he is sure to pro-pose to me, but that I'm not to be of-fended, as it's a disease 'the poor and Cloyne is it not?"

fended, as it's a disease 'the poor and Cloyne is it not?"

creature is afflicted with, just as if he had epileptic fits, and that he would make eyes at a broomstick with a skirt on it if he could get nothing else; all of which is interesting but scarcely complimentary, Things are so dull just at present "Yes, I did see a bungalow."

That's it. But do you know where you left Drumboyne?"

"Well, now, by any chance, did you see a bungalow on the right after you left Drumboyne.

"Yes, I did see a bungalow."

"That's mine," said Mr. Giveen with a sigh. "As nice a house as there is in the country, if it wasn't that I giveen. Everything is queer about him.

"It rained yesterday and the day before, but to-day is simply giorious.

before, but to-day is simply glorious. a servent—two. But it wasn't a ser-And now I must stop in earnest, vant I was meaning. Shall I tell you Ever yours lovingly, VIOLET." what I was meaning?" And now I must stop in earnest, vant I was meaning. Shail I tell you Ever yours lovingly, VIOLET."

Miss Grimshaw had been writing into much interested in other her letter at the writing table in the people's affairs," said Miss Grimshaw sitting room window. The sitting hurriedly. "Ahl there's the sea at room was on the ground floor, and as last."

A turn of the cleft had suddenly eard harded by the storious Sentember.

and backed by the glorious September afternoon, met her gaze.

He was looking in at her. How long he had been standing at the window gazing upon her it would be impossible to say. Irritated at having been spied upon, Miss Grimshaw frowned at Mr. Giveen, who smiled in crabs.

"What a jolly little boat!" said the

ting up the sash.

"Come out with me," said Mr.

Giveen, "Michael is off at Drumbyne, and there's no one to know. Put on your bat and come out with young lady for a row?"

dinghy. "Do you go fishing in this?"

"Michael does," replied Mr. Giveen, but I'm no fisherman. Doolan, isn't be sea smooth enough to take the young lady for a row?"



Well, he is not like that; much stouter and more serious looking, and yet there is a family resemblance. He has taken to haunting me. "Why, faith, you'll know that when you hear the wind blowing through it in winter. It screeches so you "Mr. French has warned me not to can hear it at Drumboyne. Do you

lisclosed the great Atlantic Ocean. Blue and smooth as satin, it came

frowned at Mr. Giveen, who smiled in return, at the same time motioning her to open the window.

"Well" said Miss Grimshaw, putting up the sash.

"Come out with me," said Mr.

"Michael does," replied Mr. Giveen, "Michael does," replied Mr. Giveen

"Yes."
"Yes."
"But that's not swearing."
"I don't know what all's blue is.
"Ouch!"
"The boat, drifting, had drifted up against the wall of the cave, and the tevell, which had a rise and fall of eighteen inches or more, was grinding the starboard thwart lovingly against the seawed and rock.
"I swear by all's blue," shrieked the girl. "Anything! Quick! Push her aff., or we'll be over."
"Faitb, and that was a near shave,"

tumbled over the side and made as if Effic's saviour, as Norah departed in search of the housekeeper. "They did it for the best."
"Stop him!" cried the girl. "He's did it for the best."
"Stop him!" cried the girl. "He's did it for the best."
"Stop him!" cried the girl. "He's did it for the best."
"I with her pet illusion still perfectly unshattered, returned to her kitchen to conduct the preparations for dinthe savel, which had a rise and fall of eighteen inches or more, was grinding the savel. Let up or I'll have the law of you!"
"Didn't you?" replied French, who Miss Grimshaw, coming down a lithad caught his kinsman by the scruff of his neck and was holding him from behind, shaking him as a terrior was from Mr. Dashwood.

"Faitb, and that was a near shave,"

Charity! & By J. H. Cassel NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING W NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD A Siren of the Snows

By STANLEY SHAW

Morlarty, run for a policeman. Take letter. He had asked permission ten a horse and go for a constable at Drumboyne. Well, then, what do you mean, eh?—what do you mean, eh?—what do you mean, eh?—what do you mean, eh?—what do you bubble-headed, chuckie-beaded son of a black sweep, you'd Call yourself an Irish gentleman! Insulting a lady! Miss Grimshaw, say the word and I'll stick the ugly head of him in the water and drown him!

"No, no!" cried the girl, taking the words literally. "Perhaps he didn't mean it. I don't think he is quite right. He only wanted to kiss me. He rocked the boat. Porhaps it was only in fun."

"Now listen to me," cried French, ascertaining every second word with a shake, "If I ever catch you within five miles of Drumgoole again I'll give you a lambating you won't gave last words were followed by a most explicit kick that sent Mr. Giveen racing and running across the bit of sand till he reached the rocks, over which he scrambled, making record time to the mouth of the Devil's Keyhole. Near that spot he brill be even with you yet, Mick French!" cried Mr. Giveen.

"Away with you' replied the threatened one, making as if to run after him, at which the figure of Mr. Giveen wanking as if to run after him, at which the figure of Mr. Giveen wanking as if to run after him, at which the figure of Mr. Giveen wanking as if to run after him, at which the figure of Mr. Giveen wanking as if to run after him, at which the figure of Mr. Giveen wanking as if to run after him, at which the figure of Mr. Giveen wanking as if to run after him, at which the figure of Mr. Giveen wanking as if to run after him, at which the figure of Mr. Giveen wanking as if to run after him, at which the figure of Mr. Giveen wanking as if to run after him, at which the figure of Mr. Giveen wanking as if to run after him, at which the figure of Mr. Giveen wanking as if to run after him, at which the figure of Mr. Giveen wanking as if to run after him, at which the figure of Mr. Giveen wanking as if to run after him, at which the

Miss Grimshaw joined.

"Now he'll be your enemy," said the girl as Moriarty flung the sculls over his shoulder and they prepared to return to the house.

"Much I care!" replied the owner of Garryowen.

"General of him an injury.

And Giveen was not French's entyling the cent just now. The United Irisher. League was against him. He had let farms on the eleven months system, and he had let farms for grastem, of the league.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER II.

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hands."
"Bure, they're me cows' tails," pipel:
the old fellow, like a child saying a
lesson. "Me beautiful cows' tails!
that the blackguards chopped off wid
a knife—divil mend them!—and I lyin' and a few strokes brought them under the arch into daylight again.

Yalind, you've sworn," said Mr.

Giveen, who evidently had a very present and wholesome dread of his cousin, Michael French.

"But Dr. O'Malley said with his cousin, Michael French.

"Don't speak to me," replied his charge, whose lips were dry, but whose terror had now, on finding herest self in comparative safety, turned into burning wrath. "Don't speak to mo, you coward! You-you beastloor in his coffin three years come next or I'll hit you with this."

"A boathlook of ash and prosphorbrotorize lay at her feet, and she selzed it.

Mr. Giveen eyed the boathook. It did not promise kisses on landing, but it was a very efficient persuader, in its way, to z swift return.

Now, Mr. French, that day after luncheon, had ridden into Drumboyne a about some pigs he was anxious to see her walking. She can run, and about some pigs he was anxious to see her walking. She can run, and about some pigs he was anxious to see her walking. She can run, and about some pigs he was anxious to see her walking. She can run, and about some pigs he was anxious to see her walking. She can run, and the worl see her feet walking. She can run, and she tells me she has been able to for sell. He had failed to come to terms with the pig merchat, and had re
about some pigs he was anxious to see her walking. She can run, and she tells me she has been able to for with the pig merchat, and had re
whenever they see her on her feet when the see her walking on her feet when the block guards chooped of the marning."

"But Dr. O'Malley said with his in bed in the gray of the marning."

"How long ago was that?"

"How long ago was that?"

"Has he see her lately?"

"Has he seen her lately?"

"Seen her lately?"

"Has he seen her lately?"

"Have you had no other doctor to see her?"

"Have you had no other doctor to see her?"

"Yes," said French. "Yes, said French."

"Yes," said French. "He had failed to come to terms she tells me she has been able to for the marning?"

"Well, all I can s

and policies guarded the little exist of the speak of the law of the care about the walks from which a state of a cult and policies in the care about the walks from the wa

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